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REAL MEN

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SCOREBOARD



WINNING PARTY
In Willimantic, Connecticut, a new election was ordered by the state labor relations board after the losing union protested that just before the election, the firm gave a whooping beer party for all employees.

CAUTIOUS COPS
In Grand Junction, Colorado, a shiny new police car drove into a municipal parking lot on a routine assignment. They slowly cruised around as the driver checked the left side and his companion checked the right. They smacked head-on into a telephone pole.

RETURN STAMP
In Indianapolis, holdup man Denneth Dunville, 51, was easily captured after he stole $126, a wristwatch and a ring from a druggist. He ordered a passing motorist to drive down Bellefontaine Street, and remarked as he jumped out of the car, "I live down here, at 1826."

TOO EFFICIENT
In Blind River, Ontario, after the town council booted out the Chief of Police, Mayor Albert Neil recalled that the chief had charged one council member with supplying liquor to minors, and had booked another member for violating a dog by-law. Mayor Neil, in explaining the council's action, stated, "The council feels the chief has shown lack of cooperation."



PLANE ANGLE
In San Francisco, three teen-age boys confessed to FBI agents that they had phoned a bomb hoax postponing a South America-bound Pan American plane for three hours, because they wanted more time to bid tender farewell to a blonde, voluptuous girl passenger.

WITHOUT SUGAR
In the Bronx, New York, after bookkeeper Sylvia Youngerman went to a bank for a $2,000 payroll and to a restaurant for an order-to-go, a thief confronted her, snatched a sack out of her hands--and fled with the container of coffee.

RED-FACED BOOKWORMS
In Brisbane, Australia, customs men pounced on copies of a book called "To Bed On Thursdays," only to discover that it was the memoirs of an English editor whose paper went to press on Thursday nights.

FULL STOP
In Naugatuck, Connecticut, the police, unsnarling a long line of honking motorists, found Samuel Perry, 32, at the head of it. He was halted at a stop sign, fast asleep and oblivious to everything around him.

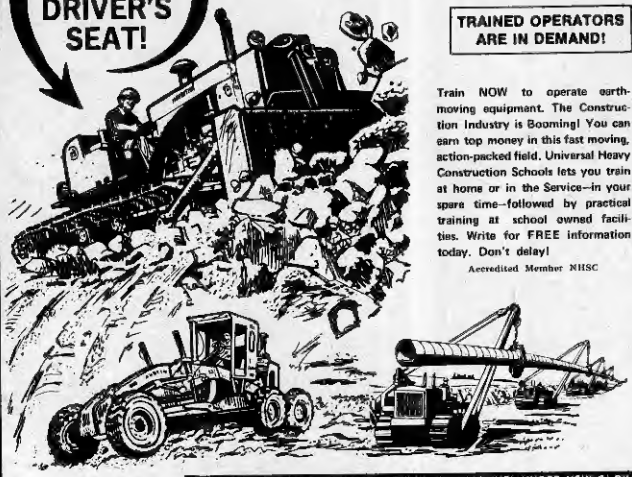
STAMPED OUT
In Kodara Village, Japan, local postmaster Seiichi Higashisawa, 33, short of government funds and faced with a visit by inspectors, burned down the post office. ■

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An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

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"My hair has quit falling out and growing back." — H. E. C., Ohio

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on no avail. Nothing helped until he started using your formula." — Mrs. F. M., Penn. Sta.

"Comate is responsible for every new hair that has appeared on my head in the last 6 years and can see the big change in my scalp and hair." — C. E. B. of Diamond Wash

"My hair was thin at the temples and all over. Now it looks so much better. I can tell a difference." — Miss E. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Since my hair looks quite thick." — J. P., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 11 years and Comate has improved it no end." — Mrs. J. E., Lindon, Ala.

"I've used a good many different tonics. But until I tried Comate I had no results. Now I am rid of dandruff and scalp itching. My hair looks thicker." — E. T. Edgerly, Canada

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medicine man



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sometimes causing people to fall asleep at the wheel. When tired, judgment is poor, the reflexes dangerously slow. The faster you go, the less chance you have of surviving a crash. Once every hour get out of the car and stretch. This will keep you refreshed and better equipped to avoid mishaps.

• **CLEAN TEETH . . .** the next time you go to the drug store get yourself a package of dental floss. No matter how often or how thoroughly you brush your teeth, the bristles of the toothbrush rarely are able to penetrate between all the teeth. Particles of food trapped there undergo bacterial decomposition, and that's where most cavities form. Dental floss quickly and completely removes these bits of food, thus helping prevent tooth decay. You'll be surprised how much food debris can be removed in this way, even after brushing the teeth thoroughly. If dental floss is unobtainable, a clean thin rubber band is a good substitute.

• **CARBONATED WATER . . .** discomfort caused by an acid stomach can be relieved by taking carbonated water. This does not diminish the rate of acid secretion, but it does help in emptying the stomach faster, thus reducing the total amount of acid the stomach contains.

• **SHAKING MADNESS . . .** among the most frightening consequences of long-continued consumption of alcohol is the condition called delirium tremens. Delirium tremens are a sure sign drinking has reached the danger point. Symptoms come on quickly over a period of two or three days, usually during or immediately after a heavy bender. At first, sleep becomes broken, appetite is lost, and intolerable restlessness develops.

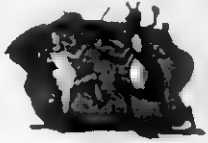


Frightening dreams occur, and often wake the victim from sleep. Fever and excessive sweating are common. The "DTs" is nothing to joke about. The effect on the victims as well as on those who live with him is little short of tragic. Moderation or total abstinence are the only cures. Control the bottle or it controls you.

• **GOING TO BED . . .** don't make a fuss about retiring. If everything must be "just so," bed linens straightened, ear plugs inserted, blinders to stop light put on, you're much too tense to enjoy a good night's sleep. Those who fall asleep as soon as their head hits the pillow, rarely think of such gimcracks. They are relaxed and could sleep anywhere. If you're suffering from insomnia, the only real way to cure it is to eliminate the cause if nervousness and tenseness.

• **WONDER DRUGS . . .** Everyone ought to know that the new modern synthetic drugs are often potentially dangerous because they act by weakening some important chemical reaction in the body, or they combat the action of certain nerves. Always discuss the use of these new drugs with your doctor before treating yourself.

• **FEVERS CAN BE FRIENDLY . . .** When you have a fever, do not be in a hurry to take medicines or give alcohol rubs to reduce it. It is nature's way of mobilizing its forces to get rid of an invasion of germs or viruses. When there is a fever the body is able to speed up its manufacture of antibodies



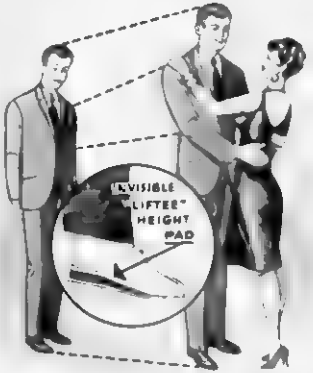
to fight the unwanted invaders. The heat itself is often something the germs can't stand. Fevers also give doctors a chance to improve their diagnoses because of characteristic temperature patterns. ■

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GIVE A DAME A GUN AND SHE'S A KILLER!

By GUY DAVID

DEEP IN EQUATORIAL Africa, the forest of Dahomey was dark. And hot . . . a moist, steaming heat that was alive with the drone and bite of thousands of mosquitoes. As the combat patrol of the French Foreign Legion slogged its weary way through the leech-infested mud, they hardly bothered to slap the stinging insects away. For they had a greater menace to worry about—already they had heard the talking-drums tell the King of Dahomey. As the drums throbbed and beat through the fetid air, sounding a message from tribe to tribe that told of the black King's anger at the invasion of the white French forces, the Legionnaires hardly knew whether they would have to face male warriors or the blood-hungry female battalions of Dahomey.

Some of them barely cared, for they knew that if the dark-skinned women did not get them, the yellow fever and malaria carried by the mosquitoes would. And still the drums went on, beating

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The she-devils of Dahomey defended their ancient land against any and all who were foolish enough to try to take it away from them—and that included the famous French Foreign Legion!



their nervous thunder like a giant pulse. Maybe the Legionnaires thought of Paris and home, maybe a few even thought of Louis Napoleon, Napoleon the Third, whose luck for the gold and ivory of Dahomey had sent them into Dan's marauding dark countries.

To the African natives, Napoleon III was a funny-looking white man with a painted beard, a faraway stranger who had sent his soldiers, white soldiers, from the distant north to the North to rob the people of Dahomey. They meant to take the ostrich plumes and the coffee and the copper anchiement! They meant to drive the people of the forest from their homes. All must gather to fight the white invaders. Any man who failed would feel the wrath of the King.

In the city of Paris, a few thousand miles to the North and ten thousand years further removed from the Stone Age, a mild-mannered man, with only a hazy idea of just where Dahomey was, might have stated the case differently. Louis Napoleon had hastily staked a claim to the rich Congo basin after hearing reports of the amazing trek of the British-American explorer Henry M. Stanley. All the world listened eagerly to Stanley's reports of a vast land filled with rubber trees, ivory, gold and diamonds! King Leopold of Belgium had sent a mission to claim the Congo valley. France had immediately grabbed a stretch of the African coast near the mouth of the mighty Congo. Nobody bothered to tell the dimple king of Dahomey what he thought about such invasions.

Dahomey was an unhealthy result of the slave-trade. Since before the time of Christ, slavers from Europe had found the sweltering Gulf of Guinea a happy hunting-ground. First, the Phoenicians, the bearded Semitic navigators and traders of the Mediterranean, had established trading posts along the Dahomey coast. Later on, Romans, Normans, Portuguese and Spanish raiders had combed the coast for "Black Ivory" to sell on the slave blocks of Europe.

It was the Portuguese who thought of enlisting the help of local chiefs. With Ewe and Dinka warriors guiding them they scoured the tidal streams of the Coast for victims. In turn the native slave-hunters outnumbered their European teachers. Soon the slavers were able to drop anchor anywhere along the Congo Coast and purchase slaves wholesale.

The slave-raiding chiefs got rich on the inhuman sale of their fellow Africans. As the American colonists started bidding for the services of the chiefs in order to stock their plantations in Virginia and the Carolinas, the competition became better.

Soon there were relatively few natives along the Coast. The slave-raiding chiefs had only one other source of supply. They started selling each other. It was somewhat like the gingham dog and the calico cat at Eugene Field. They were eating each other.

Then a well-meaning slaver took the chief of the Dahomey aside and made a deal. He would furnish the chief of Dahomey with a new gimmick. In exchange for choice slaves from the interior he would trade the chief something better than the cheap rum and copper wire the other slavers offered. He would furnish him with something that was not only valuable, but that would also make his job easier. That night he unloaded six cases of rifles and the Kingdom of Dahomey was born!

Armed with brass-bound flintlocks, the Dahomey not only sold all their nearby competitors into slavery, they ranged far into the interior of the African continent. Soon the slave owners of Virginia were being furnished with stronger natives as one had ever heard of before. Ubangi from Lake Chad, even the fierce Masai from the heart of Africa were being sold on the slave docks at Charleston and New Orleans!

No native tribe, with their futile flint-guns and spears, could stand up to the rifle fire of the Dahomey. The self-styled King of Dahomey wasn't content to rest on his position as the richest and most powerful chief in Africa.

Male slaves commanded a better price than females. A cotton plantation only needed a few girls for house servants. But the plantations needed all the field hands they could get. The King of Dahomey puzzled over his problem. Every one of his soldiers was worth his weight in trade goods. Yet he needed warriors. Suddenly the solution hit him! Why not use women in his army?

A woman armed with a rifle was more than a match for the biggest warrior with a spear. And she wasn't worth as much to the slavers. With his wives as leaders, the King of Dahomey hurriedly formed a regiment of dusky Amazons. The idea worked as well as he'd expected. The girls just seemed to take to soldiering as though they'd been born with a flintlock in either hand.

Each Amazon was issued a ghastly mask but deadly trade rifle. These were muzzle loaders mostly manufactured in Belgium. The barrel was an octagonal tube of crude steel. It was bored to 50-caliber and its entire length was wrapped with brass wire to keep it from splitting under the expanding pressure of the high-powered loads of black powder the Dahomey preferred. The ammunition might be one or two hammered copper or lead balls or the much dreaded "shooting stick". This "stick" was a three-foot piece of wood with a length of soft copper wound around the first six inches and hammered to a chisel point. The charge was rammed home with an improvised arrow-rammed and the stick was fired out of the muzzle. It would stop an elephant and it often did. The Dahomey opened a profitable side line in ivory.

By the time of the last Dahomey King, M'Bopu II, the slave trade had died down. The British outlawed slavery in the 1830's and the recently fought War Between the States had dealt it a final blow. But M'Bopu's predecessor had dropped over 7,000,000 African natives from their homes and sold them into bondage. No estimate is even possible of the numbers who were killed. Not only were there casualties in the raiding itself, in accordance with common tribal custom, all of the aged and infirm were slain on the spot. Thousands died on the grueling march to the Coast under the guns of the Dahomey Amazons. Many more were murdered out-of-hand when the slavers refused to buy them for one trifling reason or another.

The years of traffic in human misery had left the Dahomey rich. Elephant tusks were still a valuable product. The stockade of M'Bopu's head, a cattle enclosure usually put together with tree branches, was made of solid ivory brought in by his warrior women.

Gold and rough diamonds abounded in the streams of the interior. The Dahomey tested the trade in both heavily. They he was able to keep his army of Amazons well-supplied with guns and powder. From his headquarters near the mouth of the Congo, the King of Dahomey ruled a mighty empire larger than that of the French Emperor, Napoleon III!

The first French officials who informed His Majesty M'Bopu that his kingdom was now a French colony were laughed at. The second group who challenged the King's dominion were murdered and their heads adorned the gate-posts of the Royal Palace. Clearly, thought Louis Napoleon, such nonsense would never do. Accordingly, in 1866, "*La Legion Etrangere*" was dispatched to the Congo Coast to show the Dahomey who was boss.

It was a small force. France, under Louis Napoleon, was as busy internationally as a one-armed bartender on payday. There was the ill-fated expedition to Mexico where Louis' stooge, the Emperor Maximilian, was having trouble with a Mexican patriot named Benito Juarez. The Legion was fighting its never-ending war with the Algerians in North Africa. And a man named Bismarck was getting ready to upset Louis in no end by sending the Prussian army clear beyond the Rhine into Paris!

One lone regiment of French Foreign Legionnaires was all ambitious France could spare. It wasn't enough.

The first patrol penetrated only a few miles in from the sweltering coast before it ran into the warrior women of

Dahomey!

In a clearing by the muddy banks of the Mezumba, the bronzed Amazons stood as if on parade and waited. This was no cowering band of wild-and-wooly guerrilla fighters. In years to come other African natives would learn to shoot the white man from ambush. But not the Dahomey women.

In full battle-array they stood in line on the edge of the large clearing. The sun glistened on their oiled bodies and glittering copper ornaments. Officers wore the tail of a leopard wrapped around their naked waists. The others stood stark-naked except for their tall snow-white plumes and copper. Over the years a standard of physical strength had been reached. Most of the girls stood six feet or more and were lean and hard from rigorous exercise. Their heads were either shaven or close-cropped. Some wore a headdress of snowy fur or vivid feathers. Each was armed with a rifle, an elephant-hide shield, and a long machete-like fighting knife, the dreaded "pango".

A TALL colonel patrol marched out into the open space along the river the women stood their ground. The Legionnaires formed out and formed a skirmish line. With fixed bayonets they marched forward. They could hardly believe their eyes. Before facing them, they'd been briefed on the Dahomey women of war. This did not quite unreel to them to be advancing on naked women with acid steel.

Grinning like bashful schoolboys, the French troops came on. The Dahomey women didn't share their amusement. Their leader barked an order. Without changing their earnest expression, the ranks but deadly trained women loaded. The line of Amazons settled their guns against their shoulders and fired point-blank at the French.

There was a deafening volley. A swarm of copper-tipped arrows, their famed "shooting sticks," arched across the clearing. Most of them were miserably inaccurate. But they fired in immense number of them. Enough so that the French casualties were heavy.

Every man that was hit went down. The heavy musketry had tremendous shocking power. The remaining troops, less than two-thirds of the original force fired wildly and bloodily into the hanging cloud of dense smoke cast by the black powder. For a few moments the battlefield was hidden under a dense fog of gunsmoke. Then, charging wildly through the smoke, and screaming like banshees, the Dahomey women came running.

Feverishly the Legionaires pumped lead into the naked brown bodies of the she-devils. Those too se stopping them. On they came like a wall of vengeance. The only man who lived to tell the tale of that fateful day were four in the extreme rear rank who turned tail and ran like hell. The others were cut down to the last man.

A stronger French force set out the following week to avenge them. All they found along the trail were the carved-up and infested bodies of their comrades hanging by the heels. Every man had been disemboweled and castrated. The intestines had been used to tie up the bodies.

In vain the men of the first expeditionary force searched for the Dahomey headquarters. Finally the seasonal rains set in and beat the jungle into an impassable quagmire. The French command decided to call off the conquest of Dahomey for another year.

But next year's expedition never came off. The French had more than enough trouble to keep the Legion busy elsewhere. The Americans had manned an army on their southern border and ordered the French out of their neighbor, Mexico. Louis Napoleon pulled back his troops from the western hemisphere. The Maximum under Juarez then shot Maximilian and snuffed out Louis' dreams of a French Empire to the Americas.

The Algerians and Sikhs continued forays and almost drove the French out of the vast Sahara. Then, before poor Louis Napoleon could get out for another try at Dahomey, he made the mistake of declaring war on Prussia. It took the Prussians exactly one summer to beat the French. Bismarck dictated a humiliating peace and the French people decided they had had about enough of the Bonaparte family. The excitement aroused by their setting up the Third Republic made them forget about Dahomey for a while. Then, in 1885, the Belgian claim to the Congo Basin was recognized by Great Britain and other powers. Hastily the French prepared to grab whatever was left along the Coast! Old maps were dug out and studied. Again the Legion prepared to call Dahomey the benefits of civilization.

Among the cultural imports to the west coast of Africa, the French introduced the Lebel rifle. It was a bolt-action 86/93 repeater copied after the German Mauser the French had ample cause to remember. For its time, it was a good weapon. Some, in fact, were even issued in the first World War! Nobody worried much about the fantastic stories of the Dahomey women. Even if they were true, one volley of rapid fire from the new Lebel would make short work of them. They couldn't have been more wrong.

Again the war drums pulsed and beat in the dripping equatorial rain-forest as the Legionaires slogged along the muddy trails. This time they knew where they were going. French and Belgian explorers had mapped the African interior at the risk of their lives. The French objective this time was the ivory storehouse of the royal village.

Five years after the French marched in from the Coast as the native tribes drums called their every move in advance. On the fifth day the French came to a deserted village. At least they thought it was deserted. The wily Dahomey had let the advance scouts slip through unopposed so they could ambush the main force.

This time a mixed group of warrior-women and male soldiers from the king's bodyguard awaited the invaders. As the half-battalion of Legionnaires trekked out into the open the Dahomey fired from the edge of the jungle and charged. The French fell into a defensive position in the village square. Back-to-back they pumped lead into the onrushing hordes. Naked men and women screamed as French bullets tore red holes through their oiled bodies. Dahomeys writhed in the stinging dust and died like flies as the desperate Legionnaires fired their smoking Lebels until the barrels were too hot to touch. And still the Dahomeys charged!

The oncoming warrior-women had to jump high in the air to clear the number of corpses piled around the French position. As they leapt wildly against the sky, their dark bodies made all-too-easy targets. The cursing French had forgotten all about their guns by now. It was either—shoot them clear between their bouncing breasts—or die with a panga embedded in your skull! The bloody ring of copper bodies grew. One or two women made it in for a the French bayonets. One butts crushed sickeningly into unwary women's faces. Cursing Legionnaires drove cold steel into the velvet-brown female flesh. No mercy was asked or given as the French Foreign Legion crushed the Dahomey onslaught.

At last the fiend crested and broke. The warrior women fell back and the clearing was still but for the moans of the dying. The Legionnaires spent a cool shiver at their horror. The empire had come out a moment too soon. Each man had less than three rounds of ammunition left.

Not stopping to bury their dead, the Legion column fell back. Their mounting party was never heard from again. Presumably the heads that later were found grinning over the gate-posts of the palace were theirs. The millions of ants hadn't left any thin but many of them had European hair.

For almost five years the struggle for the Congo Coast continued. There were six pitched battle after another along the jungle trails. The conduct of the war had become a national disgrace. The Legion's reputation was under fire. If they couldn't handle a mere handful of naked savages, female savages at that, screamed the Paris newspapers, what good was the Legion?

Then the French imported another civilized improvement. It was a device the British had found very persuasive in India. It was called the Gatling gun.

(Continued on page 48)



Next time you're in the mood, try the waterfront. Don't have a boat? Nobody cares—least of all the swinging chicks!

SEX-HUNGRY WOMEN--WHERE TO FIND THEM!



A couple of drinks and most of these dolls are ready for anything you may have in mind—and all completely free.

by GENE CHANNING

THE MANAGER of the yacht club was fit to be tied. He'd had a hell of a day. Everything had gone wrong—but *everything*. The new chef had quit and required pacifying. The regulars at the bar were barking about the man behind the mahogany. He kept getting the drinks wrong. The charter boatmen were up in arms over something inconsequential and were raising cain. It was the height of the season, but a third of the place stood empty. He heard the phone ringing, but was so mixed up that it just didn't occur to ask *who* was calling.

"Hello! he snapped. "O'Grady here!"

"Kindly let me speak to Mrs. Herndon, please—"

"Just a moment. I'll have to call her."

"Please do."

The caller had a saccharinely sweet voice like a woman who was mad at the world, but the otherwise astute manager didn't notice. He went looking. He should've stuck his head in a pickle jar, according to all reports. Herndon was at the yacht club all right, but with the wrong woman. Not only was she the wrong woman, it seemed that the damn fool was posing as Herndon's wife! The gal on the other end of the phone who did the calling heard a prim female voice.

"Mrs. Herndon speaking! Can I do something for you—my husband is indisposed."

"Is that so!" said the real Mrs. H.

"Why, yes," muttered the startled paramour. "Who is this?"

"Mrs. Herndon!" exclaimed the irate caller. "And as soon as I get there I'll fracture both your cheating skulls!"

Whereupon, the *real* Mrs. Herndon hung up and the ersatz Mrs. Herndon got her so-called husband the hell out of the yacht club by the scruff of his fickle neck. The pair of illicit lovers just did clear the dock and board their yacht when the wife drove up in a cloud of dust. The air resounded with female-type screams. Motors were raced. Knives were thrown. Threats of mayhem (at least) and divorce were hurled. And the poor, confused manager got caught squarely in the middle of the fracas.

"You'll hear from my lawyer!" shouted the authentic Mrs. Herndon. "Don't you people think you're getting away with stuff like this—"

The incident is true. It happened a few seasons back at a well-known yacht club and sin center. They still talk about it, however, because it has happened several times since. To succeeding managers. Waterfront bums—an embracing term for the women who hang around populous waterfront places—come in all recognizable shapes and sizes *(Continued on page 56)*

THE CURSE OF THE JUNGLE TREASURE--IT WAS REAL--BUT SO WAS THE GOLD!

For centuries it had lured men to a cruel and agonizing death. Finding the gold's easy—living long enough to enjoy it isn't!

by MICHAEL DiCRESPIS

ESTIGAMBIA IS noplace. That's not really true. As a city in back country Paraguay it's really a nice enough place—if you enjoy being in back country Paraguay. It's a very convenient spot if you've got a particular yen for heading north into the jungle. It's a particularly delightful spot, if you've been in the jungle and are searching for someplace that's not jungle. Oh, with time and consideration, I could probably figure out a hundred good reasons why Estigambia is a wonderful spot. But let's get back to the opening line. Estigambia is no place. And there I was in Estigambia.

What was I doing there? Well you might say that I was having this bit of trouble in Bolivia and since the cops were looking for me along both the Peruvian and Chilean borders, I decided that maybe I ought to take a quiet, back trail out of the country. Somehow I ended up—much to everyone's surprise in Paraguay. It seemed logical at the time. Nobody in Estigambia minded—at least they didn't say they minded. And so, since I had a couple of thousands of what the Bolivians claimed were ill-gotten gains, I thought I'd see whether the people of Paraguay might *(Continued on page 38)*







BREET THE DAWN

Dawn Lansing's the name and she's just come into New York from Atlanta, Georgia!





BREET THE DAWN







23-year-old Dawn is 5'6" tall and is a perfect 36-22-35!



Vera was stacked and I knew Frankie was a lousy card player. I took him up on his offer—only I'm not sure who really won!

HE BET HIS BABE IN A POKER GAME— *AND LOST!*

by WILLIAM PEABODY

AS SOON AS I was discharged in Manila, the the end of World War II, I went into business with Charlie Herrera, one of the Philippine Scouts who had been attached to our outfit. Charlie had a million contacts and knew of a decent property we could get for a song. I had a little over eight thousand dollars I'd won playing poker the four years between Pearl and the Jap surrender. That was the song and there was even something left over for fixtures and a big enough stock of wet goods to get us started. The property was right smack on the water front. There was a partly bombed out building already on it. We hired workmen, made our pur-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



closet, put a sign over the door saying Philippine-American Bar & Grill, and three weeks later we were in business.

Business was fine right from the very first day. But things between Charlie and me could have been a lot better. We'd gotten along great together in the Service, but in business we rubbed each other the wrong way. The main problem was that Charlie put his heart and soul in the Philippine-American. I didn't. He spent all his time either behind the bar or roaming around seeing that everything was going smoothly at the tables and booths. I put my hand into the parlor once in a while just so my partner could see I was still around, but I spent the major part of every day and night playing poker in the back room. It was the kind of kicks I needed the way another man needs food and drink.

"I can not watch everywhere at once," Charlie was in the habit of screaming at me. He was a little fellow, but tough as a length of wire and very excitable. "Somebody must see that the bartender is not stealing from us. Somebody must stop them from fighting at the tables. Somebody must see that no one is using narcotics. We cannot afford to hire a manager and I cannot do it all by myself. Why are you always in the back room playing games instead of doing the work."

"I'll be better about it, tomorrow, Charlie," I promised him.

But that was a lie. I kept on playing poker and Charlie kept on getting even angrier and if he'd had enough money, I'd have let him buy me out. But he didn't. So we were stuck with each other. He had reached the point where he was thinking about taking a poke at me, the night Frank Combs came in with the big blonde. Frank was a black-haired, skinny guy who usually wore a tee shirt and a peaked sailor's hat. I'd seen him around before, but never with the girl.

"You're Peabody, aren't you?" he asked, stepping up to the bar where Charlie was giving me one of his bawlings out. It was less than an hour till closing and the crowd was beginning to thin out.

I told him I was.

"I've got an idea for a game you might be interested in," he said. "Game of poker. Very unusual. Can we try it in the back?"

"No, he is staying out here and attending to business," Charlie shouted, jumping between us. "There will be no more games when he should be working."

"Starting tomorrow," I corrected him. "Everything looks under control here right now, anyway. I'd better go and check into this thing."

We went into the back room—Frank, the girl and myself—it wouldn't have surprised me if Charlie had cracked me over the head with a chair before I got there.

"Five-card stud," Frank announced when we were seated at the back and I'd closed the door.

"That's your unusual game?" I snorted. "It seems to me I've played it before."

"Not this way you haven't. You see I don't have any money," he said. "Not a cent."

"That's a game I don't play," I grunted, starting to get up from the table. "It's against my religion."

"Lend me the money," he begged. "I'll use Vera for collateral."

"What?"

"She weighs a hundred and thirty one pounds," he explained. "Lend me ten dollars on every pound of her.



What's wrong with that for a square deal?"

"What does she think about it?" I asked. Vera was sitting on his lap and looking from one of us to the other as we conducted this conversation. She seemed to find it all highly entertaining. "Is she yours to juggle around that way? You know what you're suggesting, don't you? If I lend you the money and you lose it, I get Vera."

"Sure, sure, we know all about it," he said impatiently. "It's okay, isn't it, honey?"

"Just as long as Mr. Peabody understands," she cooed calmly. They were the first words I'd heard her say. She was taking it so quietly, she could have been talking about time tables.

"Understands what?" I said.

"That if you win her, she's really yours," Combs said. He reached an arm around her waist and suddenly there was a revolver pointing at me. His eyes looked wild. "No taking her out. You take her home. You feed her, clothe her and see that she's comfortable. You take on



that responsibility."

"Walk up and down a minute, will you, Vera?" I asked.

She strode back and forth across the room and then sat down on Frank's lap again. She was tall and built in a series of super-smooth slopes and curves. Things fitted into each other perfectly. She smiled at me patiently and waited for my answer. Combs looked jumpy.

"All right," I announced. "A hundred and thirty one pounds at ten dollars a pound. That's thirteen hundred and ten dollars. I'll give it to you in chips."

I counted them out for him, put the bank chips in front of myself and we started to play. It was a crime. He gambled like a rank amateur. His specialty was trying to fill inside straights. But he didn't make it once. Who does? It took him a little over forty minutes to shoot through thirteen hundred plus dollars. When I went home that night, Vera went with me.

I HAD TAKEN a little place for myself out around Hital Stadium. An hour or so from the Philtpine-American. It had a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen and a john. I told Vera all about it, as we were driving out there in the jeep.

"That's fine," she said. She had no luggage, except for a toothbrush. She smiled at me and looked around with great interest as we drove along. She seemed like a nice dame. When we reached the house, she announced that she was hungry. I told her that there were some things in the ice box and she promptly took off to make herself a sandwich.

It seemed to be my best play was to let her make the moves. When I'd been under the sheet a couple of minutes, she came in stuffing what was left of the sandwich in her mouth.

"Tastes good," she smiled. "Can I get you something?"

I said I wasn't hungry.

She took off her shoes, dress and a pair of panties. It left her with nothing on.

(Continued on page 44)

WHIP HIM TO RIBBONS

by LUKE HALBEARD

Gaunt was sick—an animal who got kicks only through the pain and torture of girls!



THE sky was dark except for a smeared line of red just over the western horizon when Jim Scarlett rode his bay down across the mesa rim toward the floor of the valley. He was a tall, angular man wearing dusty dungarees, boots, a gray shirt, a woolen jacket and a battered high-crowned hat. A tied-down pair of Peacemakers, butts forward, rode his thighs. He had a brown-burned, even cruel looking face, dotted with two wary dark eyes. As the horse picked its way down the shaly slope the harshness of Scarlett's face was relieved by a thin smile on his narrow lips.

As he rode he watched the wagons pulling into a circle for the night in the center of the valley floor. There were about a dozen Conestogas drawn into the circle, with a red blaze of fire shooting up in the middle. From the height of the slope Scarlett could see maybe a couple of dozen people around the campfire.

He looked back at the mesa rim and for a minute he thought he saw three Shoshones, dim vulturish outlines, about a mile to the east. They had jumped him high in the mountains before dawn, seven of them, a small war party. He touched the four drying scalps hanging on his belt and the smile on his lips grew tighter. He cupped a hand around his mouth and shouted in the direction of the vague figures on the rim.

"Yellow-livers! Sons of bitch dogs!"

So they couldn't hear him. He reached the valley floor and started toward the wagons at an easy pace. They had taken his grub but he had left four of them with their temple muscles cut and the blood streaming down their sagging death masks of faces. They had taken his pelts, too, because it had been a case of out-hiding them and he couldn't do it lugging the six months' collection of pelts. But he had taken four scalps. By God they would learn someday, maybe.

As he neared the wagons he smelled the cook fire and the aroma of roasting meat. The stock herd swam into his vision out of the gloomy shadows, and he caught sight of the herder, a big man, not over twenty-five or so,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Gaunt brought the rawhide lash down squarely on her soft back. Molly screamed but was too weak from loss of blood to flee from his madness.



Whip

with little pig's eyes that watched him suspiciously out of a slab face. The man spurred toward Scarlett, who reined up. The stock herder regarded him with a scowl on his thick face. His hands, playing with the reins, were big as hams.

"Figure on joinin' the train, pilgrim?" the stock herder asked.

Scarlett sat relaxed in his saddle. He didn't like the man's tone. "That's right. You planning to object?"

"That depends. What's your name and your business?"

"The name's Scarlett. My business is none of yours."

The big man jerked upright in his saddle. "You're pretty damn prouddy, mister."

Scarlett's eyes were hooded slits. "If you're spoiling for a fight, mister, I've got one ready-made to fit you. I'll give you two guns against one of mine at a hundred yards, or we can do it with bowies, left arms tied together." Scarlett's mouth curled in a mocking smile. "Now how about it? You figure to mess with me some more?"

The other man backed down. Scarlett saw, though, that he had made trouble for himself. He wanted to laugh.

"Naw, I'm not spoiling for anything, pilgrim. As yet. Ride on in. Somebody'll give you grub."

"Where you bound for?"

"The Salt Lake."

"Who's the boss of this rig?"

"My pa." And the stocky man wheeled his horse and drove it back toward the stock herd. Scarlett could see the man's spurs digging blood from the horse as he took out his humiliation on the animal. Grinning tightly Scarlett rode toward the wagons and into the circle.

He dismounted. In the firelight he could see half a dozen or so women working at the cooking pots, with a few kids tagging at their heels. The men stood in small groups, talking. He tied his horse to a wagon tailgate and all conversation stopped. Hands turned. Suddenly, on the far side of the circle, a face leaped out at him.

She was sitting on the high seat of the wagon, her hands folded on her knees. She had wheat-yellow hair and defiant dark eyes and she was staring at him, the tight cotton of her dress pulled taut against her full breasts. Scarlett's stomach growled and tightened. The thin smile etched his lips and he touched his hat with one hand. People saw.

A couple of the women looked indignant.

This wasn't a train made up of friendly families, then. And it was obvious that the girl on the wagon seat, wearing the skin-tight pink cotton dress, wasn't exactly a member of respectable society as the campfire women defined it.

Scarlett had no time to watch the woman any more, because he saw a man coming toward him. The man was about forty-five, with a rocky face and wild, dark-looking eyes. He was dressed all in black. Scarlett saw a coiled blacksnake hanging on his belt.

"Welcome, brother," the man said. Scarlett didn't like the peculiar bright look in the man's eyes, but the man appeared to be strong and powerful, tall as Scarlett himself, and burly.

"You boss of this outfit?"

"I ran Thees are my wagons and I'm paid to lead them to the Salt Lake. The children of God march through the wilderness."

Scarlett frowned. He gave his name.

"I'm called Abel Gaunt. What's your business, brother?"

"Your boy asked me the same. I told him it didn't concern him."

Gaunt's fingers went white as they constricted on the whip butt. "Speak with a soft tongue, friend. The devil talks in a loud voice."

"I couldn't tell about that. I'm hungry for some grub and I don't figure to ride out of here tonight. There's three Shoshones on my tail. I figure on resting the night."

"Shoshones?" Gaunt frowned.

"They won't bother you. There's only three of them."

Gaunt hesitated. "I've got no choice but to make you welcome, according to the good book. But I don't say I care for the way you talk."

Scarlett was getting mad. "Well, keep out of my way, then, and you won't have to listen." He started toward the campfire.

"Wait a minute." Gaunt took Scarlett's arm. Scarlett looked down at the thick hand of the man in black, then up into his eyes.

"Take that hand off."

Gaunt hesitated again. His neck muscles corded like snakes. His eyes glared in the firelight. He let go of Scarlett's arm. "A warning, brother. That woman over there." Gaunt waved his hand toward the girl on the wagon seat. "She's flesh, brother, of this world, a tool of the devil. I didn't know until we were too far from St. Jo for me to turn her back, and she'd paid me. But she's evil, a strumpet, a . . ."

"I get the point," Scarlett said. He sensed something ugly and sick about this big ugly man in black but he didn't know what it was.

"I tear out the roots of the devil's plants where I find them," Gaunt said harshly.

"I'll keep that in mind too." Scarlett walked away from him. Gaunt stood with one massive hand fingering the whip butt at his waist. He licked his lips and looked at the girl on the wagon seat, who was staring hatefully back at him.

A woman by the fire offered Scarlett a plate of beans, hardtack and a tin cup of scalding coffee. He accepted it with thanks. The girl was still sitting on the wagon seat, watching him. He drank, deliberately keeping his eyes on her. Over the rim of the coffee cup he saw her raise one hand, slowly, and beckon him.

His stomach tightened again. A loose, relaxed feeling spread through his muscles then as he put down the coffee and walked toward her. Her moist lips shone in the firelight and she watched him with wary animal eyes. He leaned against the wagon bed and looked up.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Yes." Her voice, soft and husky, started a crawling sensation on his spine. "What was he saying about me? Gaunt, I mean. I know he was talking about me."

"He said you were a tool of the devil, something like that." Scarlett gave his hat brim a tug and smiled crookedly. "Lady, the devil is wrapping his package up mighty fine."

But her hands were clenched together in a knot of white-knuckled hate. She stared over Scarlett's head. "The dirty bastard."

"You don't get along so well with the others. Got any friends here?"

She shook her head bitterly. "I can hire a wagon—my money's as good as theirs. But do you think they'll let me near the campfire. Oh, I tried, the first night out. God knows I tried. They all walked away. These women . . . they make me sick. Ice in their veins."

Scarlett turned to look at the campfire. Two women turned hastily back to the cooking pot. On the far side of the circle, Abel Gaunt and his son were standing together, watching Scarlett. He turned his back on them.

"Appears I'm not very popular either. My name's Scarlett."

Her eyes ran across his shoulders. "Scarlett. That's a good name. Wild, kind of. I'll fit you. I'm Molly Rockwood."

Scarlett touched his hat again. "Miss Rockwood."

"You know what I am, don't you?" she said bitterly. "If you stay around me very long you'll have trouble with Gaunt. That whip of his . . ." She shivered. Then she met his eyes boldly. "I got thrown out of St. Jo by the marshal. I knifed a man in the house where I worked. He was drunk and he tried to kill me. But I worked in a house, so it was my fault and they ran me out. It's a pretty world, isn't it?"

"You've got to be on the prod all the time," Scarlett said.

Molly Rockwood pointed to the scalps. "You take those?"

"Yes. Shoshone."

"Um." Her eyes rested on him, fierce and hot and defiant. "And you're not afraid to be seen with me?"

"No. I take people for what they are, not what I want them to be. Come on." He reached his hand up.

"Where are we going?" She looked startled.

"Over there to the fire. Have you had anything to eat?"

"No, but . ."

"Come on." He fastened his hand on her wrist. The flesh was warm and soft under his hard fingers. Breathing hard, she stood on the edge of the wagon seat and jumped, landing against him with a soft exclamation, her breasts bursting against him she caught herself on his arms.

"I could get along with you, Mr. Scarlett," she said.

"You wouldn't be so hard to take yourself."

"Look, there's no sense your getting in trouble . . ."

"I don't like that Gaunt or his loud-mouthed son. Is Gaunt some kind of preacher?"

"No." They walked toward the fire. Shocked expressions appeared on the faces of the women, who gathered their children around them and hurried away. Gaunt had disappeared but the son was seated on the ground by one of the wagons, watching them sullenly. "He's crazy, if you ask me. He's not a religious man. Do you think he'd swear, that whip if he were? He's a sick man."

Scarlett stopped at the deserted campfire and poured her a cup of coffee from the pot. The deserted kettle boiling and bubbling sent the most smells through the cooling air. He handed her the cup.

"I can't figure Gaunt at all," he said.

She shrugged. "He looks at me . . . like he wants me. But then he tells the other people that I'm a plain slut. Like I say, I think he's crazy. That son of his, Daniel, is worse. Stupid as an ox. I think he'd try to rape every woman in the camp if it wasn't for his father." She held the cup in both her hands and drank. "And Gaunt himself gets drunk almost every night. Howls and screams in his wagon until all hours. Always shouting about God. Cursing. He was in the war, I guess."

"A fine crew," Scarlett said cynically.

Molly Rockwood looked at him. "Look. I don't pretend that I'm pure and holy. But Gaunt . . . Gaunt is sick. I don't know why. But I feel it. At least I try to be honest." She met his eyes. "What I enjoy, I enjoy."

"I imagine so," Scarlett said.

Even Daniel, Gaunt's son, had drunk back into cover under one of the wagons. He was pretending to sleep but Scarlett knew the burly man was watching him and Molly. Otherwise the clearing was deserted.

Molly took his hand. "Thanks for trying to help. I'll be all right once this trip's over. I . . . I'd better get back to my wagon."

Scarlett shrugged. "Suit yourself." She walked close to him, her arm touching his, and he felt the warm, wild nearness of her body. He handed her up into the wagon bed and she leaned down, her breasts pushing tight against the fabric of her dress.

"I . . . I want to say thanks again." Scarlett looked at her. "There's better ways than saying it."

A laughing, half-mocking light burned in her eyes. "Yes. Yes, you're right." Reaching out, she touched his cheek. The fire spurted through her fingers into his blood. She breathed hard. "I want a man again, Scarlett. I want a man."

"Where is he, then?"

"Beyond my wagon, about five hundred yards. A creek bed. There. I'll meet you there in an hour. You're strong, aren't you, Scarlett? You look strong."

He laughed softly, his eyes bits of steel on his face. "Strong enough." The blood roared in his ears.

She smiled and vanished into the wagon.

He turned slowly. Daniel Gaunt was still lying prone in the darkness under a wagon on the other side of the circle. Scarlett's mouth tightened. He didn't like the setup in this camp, didn't like the hypocrisy of the people in the wagon train or the sick foulness he saw in Abel Gaunt's eyes. He knew Daniel Gaunt had been watching them. He walked toward the wagon where the man was supposedly asleep.

As he neared the wagon he saw by lantern light an angular shadow weaving back and forth inside the wagon. The shadow raised a bottle to its mouth. "She is disease and filth," came the wild chant of Abel Gaunt, "rottenness and corruption, and I am thy avenger . . ."

Scarlett drew his foot back and kicked Daniel Gaunt hard in the side. The man's eyes came open and he tried to scramble to his feet. Scarlett stamped on his belly, then knelt on his chest. He dug down to his belt, took out his bowie and put the point against Gaunt's neck.

"Next time," he said savagely, "you'll go to sleep permanent. I don't like to be watched."

Daniel Gaunt stared at him, livid with hate. "By God I'm going to get you if . . ."

Scarlett laughed shortly, stood up and put his knife away. "Just remember what I said. I can cut your eyes out as well as feel up my minute of it. Keep it in mind."

He turned his back on Daniel Gaunt and walked between the wagons, out into the darkness. He looked back once. Gaunt's silhouette could no longer be seen beneath the wagon, but two shadows now moved behind the wagon canvas where Abel Gaunt chanted his drunken words.

Scarlett sat to tethering his hay with the stock. Then he took makings from his shirt, rolled a smoke and lit it. He sauntered around the circle of wagons and walked down to the little creek on the other side. The camp was growing quiet. Every so often he caught himself looking back at Molly Rockwood's wagon but there were no lights showing.

He hoped that Gaunt and his son would start trouble. Scarlett touched his Peacemaker butt gently as he walked, feeling deep in his throat The west held a lot of sick scum. The worst kind were those whose brains were knotted up inside their heads. Scarlett rode a lone trail, but when he crossed trails with one of the twisted breed—he it professional gun slinger or whip slinging fanatic—something rose inside him that made it a rich warm pleasure to kill The real apostles of this new land were not the chippies and the fare dealers but the insane misfits, the mental cripples whose only code was to ride roughshod over those who could not stand up against them

Reaching the creek, Scarlett hung his gun belts on a low tree branch, stripped and washed the dirt from his body. The sky was overcast, the moon hanging like a ghostly eye somewhere behind a heavy bank of cloud. Night birds whistled and screamed in the sky.

Just as he slipped into his trousers with the water biting his skin in cold drops, he saw her come down the creek bank. He could hear her fast, heavy breathing. He chuckled softly. "Here," he called.

She came toward him and he took her shoulders roughly. She partially opened the bodice of her dress and he could feel breasts straining against his chest. Her nails clawed his neck in little clutching spasms. She ran her fingers down his wet shoulders. With one hand he grabbed at the collar of the dress—and yanked. She stood there, the material hanging loosely around her waist. She clutched her way of it and watched his eyes gaze over her body. Her naked body.

"You are a man," she whispered. "It's been too long . . ."

He was rising from her pulling on his shirt, when something in his brain ticked warningly. She screamed, stretched out on the grass of the creek bank, and Scarlett drew for his guns. A black giant of a shape towered over him, and he saw Daniel Gaunt, a huge club of rock in his hands, Jonathan with hatred on his face. Gaunt brought the rock down and Scarlett's brain became like a cannon. He pitched forward on his face and Daniel Gaunt's boot ripped a bloody wound in his cheek.

Sound filtered into his mind: Molly Rockwood's high terrible scream. The pistol-crash of a black-

(Continued on page 50)



An average young wife says:

"I WENT TO BED WITH A LEZ-- JUST TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE!"





"Not bad," she said as I started taking off my clothes. A little later on I found out she was pretty good herself.

I never thought I'd swing both ways until the week my husband had to go on a business trip!

by KAREN DEL---

I HAD ALWAYS known that my cousin Lorraine was a female homosexual, but it had never really bothered me. If I thought anything about it, it was a sense of surprise that such a beautiful, rich-figured, vivacious, charming and happy woman could live a life of apparent completeness without men. For myself it seemed impossible. Sexual relations were something I relished and without a man, physical pleasure seemed utterly inconceivable. Yet my cousin Lorraine was always friendly and fun to have around. She was a first-rate companion to talk to, and a good pal in every respect. I never discussed her personal habits with her and she never commented on mine. It was better that way.

Yet there were times when I wondered about it; perhaps after a particularly difficult argument with my husband, or on the opposite extreme, after a magnificent love session when lying back, content and totally satisfied my mind kept teasing as I tried to imagine what she could know that was anything like what I had just experienced.

If I did ask, nine times out of ten, she'd merely grin and brush it off with some lighthearted comment. There was a barrier that neither of us could really break through.

But on this particular day there was something different. My husband was away on an extended business trip and for some reason or another my own feelings of sex need and frustration were almost surface raw. I was in the type of mood that leads many women into ill-considered pickup affairs, anything that will give some relief to a most basic requirement. I was ready to explode and I guess Lorraine saw it written all over me.

"Bad huh!" she remarked.

"You wouldn't know," I answered crossly. "You've never had a man. How could you understand what it's like to be without one."

"Why don't you tell me, then," she said softly.

I was feeling just bitchy enough to want to hurt, so I let go, all out, in the plainest four letter words I knew. I surprised myself. I didn't know I could reveal my innermost thoughts and sensations so uninhibitedly. I held nothing back from her and when I'd finished I was practically sobbing.

Lorraine just looked at me for a few minutes, smiling almost sadly, nodding her head. "What makes you think I'm so different?" she finally asked. "Don't you

(Continued on page 61)

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JUNGLE TREASURE

(Continued from page 23)

be more amenable to my spending it in their country. They were. Never once did anyone refuse to take my cash. Which ought to prove something.

There's nothing much to do in Estigambia. One can drink. I drank. For a small bit of loose change I persuaded a pair of dames, maybe a year out of the jungle to come live with me. It's nice living with two dames—even in Estigambia. But even with two dames and alcohol, how long can a man keep from getting restless.

So one fine day we were lying in bed, having just finished a couple of bottles of brew, when the girls suggested that since they were feeling mellow, sad and homesick, why didn't we all go and visit the folks. It speaks just how mellow I was feeling that I agreed.

So, a couple of minutes later we were in my jeep puffing along out of town.

"Turn left," the girls said. I turned left. And that was that.

Now let me tell you something about back country Paraguay. If a couple of cute looking broads ever suggest to you that you turn up some half rutted trail that heads into the brush country—don't do it. There ain't nothing there. But nothing. Maybe you particularly enjoy trees and grass and bushes; maybe you just fall in love with insects, snakes and jungle rot. Me! I can't stand 'em.

But, let's get back to the tale. Lucky for me, when it comes to jockeying a jeep across the worst country in the world, I'm about as much of an expert as there is. Experience gave it off. There was a trail. I kept going.

After a couple of hours, when the alcohol wore off, I began to wonder what I was doing there. But by that time I couldn't turn back. Not only couldn't I turn the jeep to begin with, but if I did I was going to have two mighty unhappy broads along with me. And while a weeping woman wasn't about to disturb me particularly, I had more than a vague notion that we weren't completely alone in that part of the world. The noise of the jeep hardly kept our progress a secret. And if these dame belonged here, their compadres might look a little leery at anyone who made them cry. I'd heard rumors of what happened to folks who made natives unhappy.

There's no use going into details about the trip. Luckily I had some extra cans of gas. But all in all there was nothing particularly distinguished about my voyage of dis-

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85 Beautiful Body. Lovely Brother didn't touch Lucy about Kate and Lisa but it was her beautiful body he demanded. And she is the one caught. Guess that I wasn't right for him enough. Hope she does not come back. (Switzerland)

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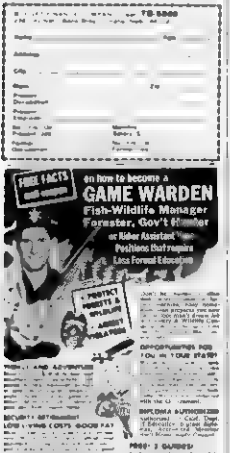
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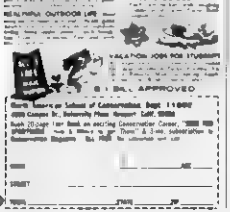
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covery. We got there. That's what counts.

Where did we get? Don't ask me. I don't know. There were half a dozen shabby shacks, a batch of naked guys and dolls and a smell of rancid fat mixed with smoked garbage hanging in the air.

My two dolls hopped out of the jeep, ran over to an overstuffed matron and an old, skinny buckeroo and started hugging, yelping and jabbering in some dialect I've never heard before or since. These, I gathered, were mother and dad! Oh well, home is where the heart is and even in shanty town it's good to be greeted with love and affection.

What the heck. Why not let the girls enjoy themselves. It didn't matter to me. I had nothing to do. And besides, that night in the hut the villagers lent us, the girls more than proved their appreciation for what they called my "generosity."

So I stuck around for a while. I wandered about the place, looked over the territory, did some fishing in a local stream, went out hunting and shot a wild thing that looked like a hog.

That was much appreciated. Fresh meat came hard, strangely enough. Living in the jungle, you'd have thought that they'd be feasting. But I gathered that things rarely went easy. Anyway, after slaughtering the animal, they set up a huge feast. I was the guest of honor, not only as a visitor, but also as a sort of super provider as well.

The village headman asked me if they couldn't do anything for me, and in a sort of lighthearted, stupid kind of way I remarked that he might give me a crack at the family jewels.

Much to my surprise, the old boy didn't laugh it off. He looked at me very seriously and answered that while they were a poor people without such things as jewels, there was a legendary treasure hoard in the vicinity. It was secured, the chief assured me earnestly. Many generations ago when the first Spanish Conquistadores came they discovered gold in the jungle. They enslaved the people to bring it out. But finally during the revolution when Paraguay won her independence, they killed the oppressors and put a curse on the gold. Since that day, the jungle treasure remained undisturbed. Several times people, either native or outside adventurer tried to get to the hoard, but on each occasion somehow the attempt failed. Accident or death invariably came between the gold seeker and his goal. However, the chief stated, if I felt that I wanted to try, they would help me as much as they could—and as much as they dared.

The idea was an intriguing one. Personally, I've always felt a kinship for gold. It's a family failing. And as for curses—well, somehow I've never met a treasure trove yet that didn't have a curse on it. In fact, I've been roundly cursed before—and by experts—and there wasn't even very much treasure involved at that. Did I want to take the chance? Sure! The sooner the better.

WE TOOK OFF the next morning.

It was a strange sort of group. The men who were accompanying me were obviously so scared they could hardly move. They made it quite plain that they themselves wanted nothing to do with the treasure—or even to get to the site. They'd take me far enough so that I couldn't possibly get lost and then they'd stop. Whatever I did would have to be strictly alone. If anyone was going to be cursed, I'd have to take it all on myself.

Fair enough. So long as the profit would be mine alone, I was perfectly willing to accept full responsibility.

It was a tough trip. The country was rough, broken and almost impenetrable. It was hot enough to fry. And the humidity was something to write home about. But still we managed to move forward. Don't ask me distances or directions. Within an hour I was totally and completely lost. If I hadn't had guides, I'd have disappeared in some swamp hole or just run around in circles till I was completely exhausted. Mark up point one for the curse. It was pretty obvious that no amateur could ever have gotten through without help.

By afternoon we reached a low crest and started downward. It hadn't seemed to me that we had been up very high, but still, we started moving downhill at a fairly rapid rate. I don't know though. Even a couple of hundred feet can seem a lot if your view is blocked completely by steaming brush and

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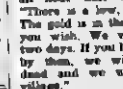
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wet slimy grass.

Finally, in the late afternoon the country leveled out into a half marshy plain. The jungle was even thicker than before, if that was possible. Then finally, the natives stopped and announced that they had come as far as they were going to go. They prepared to make camp, cutting vines and brush, grass and leaves to swing hammocks from the trees in which to sleep. I asked the chief how much further I would have to go.

"Not far," he answered. "Maybe an hour that way" He pointed. "There is a low, bare, rocky ridge. The gold is in the rocks. Take what you wish. We will wait here for two days. If you have not come back by then, we will know you are dead and we will return to our village."

"Hold up, pop," I told him. "Let's not go overboard. First it's kind of late to start wandering around in the jungle. We'll wait till morning."

"My son is wise," the chief answered. "Very well, two days from sunup."

And that was that.

After a magnificently uncomfortable night I took off alone in the direction indicated. It was a lousy hike. The ground was marshy, yet so grown with every kind of swamp grass and bush that it was all I could do to move at all. Insects? I've never seen anything like it—though I've been told that Alaska and northern Canada can be pretty rugged that way. I kept a sharp eye out for snakes, too. There had to be some around.

I walked slowly and deliberately, keeping a line of direction as best I could. The heat was worse with the humidity, even as bad as a desert. It got me as thirsty as hell. I was glad I'd taken plenty of water—though actually all I had to do was dig my toe into the ground to get a brown, dirty water coming up.

Without warning, the grass ended. The ground was bare dry. And there, perhaps a hundred yards away an outcrop of rock appeared I didn't have to look more than once It was quartz. And even with the unaided eye, I could see the metallic glint of gold running through the stone. I was there.

I inspected the site carefully. I could see where it had been worked. The big problem was going to be getting it out. Even if I took only nuggets, there was still a limit to what I could carry. And it would take some mighty powerful work just to get enough nuggets free. Carrying back plain rock would be impossible. Even if it assayed as high as $10,000 a ton, who could carry a ton? I'd never get the jeep in here. And I doubted the natives would keep coming back and forth. Nope. I had one chance at this treasure and this was it.

Well, first things first. I started picking up whatever loose nuggets I could find. I found maybe a hundred ounces. Not bad. But not good either. I wished I had a crowbar. Or better yet, a stick of dynamite. But, beggars can't be choosers. I finally began taking a heavy rock, using it as a hammer, and cracking away at the chips and chinks in the outcrop. I'd work for a while, loosening bits of rock then spend time picking up what gold I could find, or prying out nuggets and granules with my knife. It wrecked the blade, but who cared?

By nightfall, I'd doubled my original take—maybe two hundred or two hundred fifty ounces. One day gone—profit maybe $4,000. Not too bad—but I should do better.

The next day was really rough. The heat was absolutely intense. I'd lived in the tropics a long time, but never a day like this one. It was hell. Even with the gold pile steadily increasing, I was beginning to wonder if it was worth it. And then, by perhaps two in the afternoon, my water ran out. By that time I'd accumulated maybe five or six hundred ounces. Still, there was nothing to do but stop and fill my canteens.

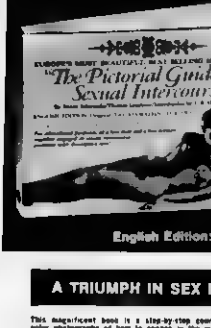
I started heading down, away from the ridge, searching for an open pool. I was certain that down below, along the swamp edge there had to be some such area. It took some careful marching, but I finally found what I was looking for. The water was brown and a bit smelly, but it was wet. I loaded my canteens and started back.

I didn't deserve the break I got. For perhaps a hundred yards or so down the trail back toward the ridge, I stumbled across something and fell. As I sprawled flat on my face, grunting and cursing my carelessness, I turned to see what had tripped me. And there it was, a mess of broken, half decayed bones. A single look told me the story—a human being—a man!

I felt a wave of revulsion. I wanted to get up, run, get away from the corpse as fast as I could. But somehow I was curious. What had killed him? There wasn't a sign of a spear or arrow If an animal had slaughtered and eaten him, even a snake—it would have broken the body and messed up the perfect outline of bones. And there was something else too. Half buried in the mud, I suddenly caught the clear, metallic glint of gold.

The curse! I shivered. Was it really true? Could an old savage's words actually kill?

But something had killed him. I was puzzled. I started walking away, slowly, thoughtfully. But now I looked at the ground. Perhaps twenty yards further, half hidden in the grass were more bones—animal this time—but also in perfect form, completely undisturbed. And just beyond, more bones—and still



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more. It was a perfect charnel house.

The ideas—and the total silence—hit me at the same time. It had to be—the water. It was foul—rancid—poison. Something in that deep, primeval ooze was death, sudden, swift and silent. Nothing lived here—no animal life—because nothing could live here—without water. And to drink was death.

I hurried back to the ridge, took my haul of gold and started back to where the natives were waiting.

It was a hike or horror. For now that I knew I couldn't drink, every step in that boiling hell was pure, unadulterated torture.

I kept going. I had to. It was more than just he desire to live. I had to prove something. I had to prove to myself, and to those natives, that man could reach the gold, take it—and return.

It's painful to even remember those hellish hours that it took me to return to the camp. I was half delirious when I finally staggered into the midst of the patient Paraguayans, moaning "water, water, for God's sake water."

Then it came, the delicious, wonderful, precious fluid, gurgling into my throat. I lay there on the ground, sighing with contentment.

After a while, when I recovered a little, I told my friends what had happened. The chief nodded then made some remark to one of the men. He disappeared into the brush and soon returned carrying a small, trussed animal. They took one of my canteens, and poured a little of the brown liquid down the helpless animal's throat.

Ten minutes, fifteen, and it suddenly began to squeal. A minute or so later, it was writhing. Another five minutes and the writhing and squealing stopped. The animal was dead.

I explained the entire story to them, that the story of the curse unquestionably arose because of the poisoned water in the area. Anyone who found the gold hoard was struck, like me, with overpowering desire to get as much as he could. He stayed working until his water ran out, then went for more. One deep drink—and no one ever heard from him again—another victim to the golden curse.

They were an intelligent bunch. The story was logical. And my return—with the poisoned canteens had proved it.

They agreed to go to the mine with me but first we filled huge gourds with fresh clean water from a clear jungle stream.

We returned to the mine and stayed there for five days, mining gold. We took a terrific haul. Only much later, when we had finally returned to the village did we divide it up. My share alone came to more than $5,000,000. Each person in the mining party also took a share, and those who had stayed behind got a smaller share.

The chief decided that they would not work the mine anymore. "Too much gold will only attract outsiders," he announced, and outsiders will mean trouble and slavery." The village now was rich enough to live comfortably for a generation or more. What else could they want.

So I returned to Estigarribia. A bit richer than when I had left, but also a bit more sober. I'd found my pot of gold. There wasn't much point in adventuring any more. Where could I ever strike it richer.

I'm back home now. My gold is exchanged for good solid green stuff I've got no worries, no regrets, no particular ambition. I'm happy.

Oh yes, I had a sample of the ooze analyzed. The water contained enough arsenic to kill a city.

So, if you're ever in Estigarribia and want to take a chance at a fortune, go right ahead. There's plenty there.

But you'll get no help from anyone. Certainly not the chief or his villagers. You can't even hope to bribe them. After all, they're richer than you are. ●

GET HIS GAME

(Continued from page 31)

"Move over," she said. I moved. "Now, don't feel guilty or worry about me," she said encouragingly. "Frank and I talked about it first and it's perfectly all right. I picked you out myself. Not that I wouldn't have settled for this little one if you had said no."

"Charlie?"

"Yes, he looks like a nice person. I won't have anything to do with a man that isn't kind."

We didn't get out of the house for four days. I could see why all she had into the one dress and the toothbrush. She didn't need anything else!

"I have to go into the Philippine-American," I said desperately several times. "I'm a business man. My partner expects me to do my share."

"I don't want to be alone," she pouted and her eyes immediately filled with tears. "It's the one thing I can't stand. I get frightened."

She certainly was an unusual girl. Her pleasure in being in bed was total and her capabilities with liquor were remarkable. In those two fields, she gave the impression of tremendous experience—but when it came to anything else, she was very much like a child very trusting, wanted to be liked. And she wasn't fooling about being afraid to be alone. The result was that you couldn't help feeling a little bit like her daddy, too. You wanted her to be happy. You didn't want to do anything that would make her cry. I began to realize why Frank Combs had drawn the gun on me. He had really meant it about wanting her to be well taken care of.

On the evening following the fourth day, I sneaked out and went back to the

Philippine-American. I left while she was asleep, but I pinned a note to my pillow first saying she wasn't to worry. I'd be back as soon as I could."

Charlie was busy tossing out a pair of drunks when I got there and didn't see me come in. I spotted Frank Combs immediately. He was drinking at the bar with a couple of floozies. I went over to him. He didn't look nearly so nervous and jumpy, the way he had when we were playing cards. He actually grinned when he saw me.

"Come outside a second," I suggested. "I want to show you something."

He grumbled that he was busy, but I grabbed his shirt and he changed his mind. We went outside and around behind the building, as soon as we reached a spot where we couldn't be seen, I hit him over the ear. He went down on one knee and started to get up, but I hit him again and this time he went flat on his back. When it looked as though he were thinking of moving again, I sat down on his chest and we carried on our conversation in that position, he on his back and me holding him there with my knees resting on his shoulders.

"You're lucky I don't kill you," I snarled. "Why didn't you tell me about her problem. I can't spend the rest of my life between sheets. What am I supposed to do with her, now?"

"The same thing I did," he said. "That's how Sid Forbes passed her along to me and that's how he got her from someone else. It's been like that with her since she was a kid. She expects it. All she wants to be sure about, is that whoever she goes with treats her nice."

"You just give her away to somebody?"

"Hell, no," he exploded. "That would hurt her. You've got to make it look as if you don't have any choice in the matter. It's a question of money or something—like that crazy story I gave you. She's so dumb she'll believe anything. But the main thing is not to do it in such a way that it will offend her. You don't want her to cry, do you?"

"No, I don't like it when she cries," I agreed getting up off him. "Wipe your nose, Frank. It's bleeding a little."

I WENT BACK into the Philippine-American. Business was great. The juke box was blaring away and the people were piled in so thick you could hardly squeeze through. I tapped Charlie on the shoulder as I went past him and pointed to the back room. He came after me, carrying a steady stream, in a voice that made it plain he'd finally been pushed too far.

"I've got to go back to the States, Charlie," I said cutting him off. "I had a cablegram from home saying we're going to lose the family business if I don't get back there with a bundle of

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cash in a hurry."

"I have been talking to some people," he said eagerly. "They would like to come into the Philippine-American with me. We will buy you out. What will you take?"

"The way business is going, ten thousand ought to be about right," I said, then added casually: "But I'll need every nickel I can get if we're going to hang onto the old family business. So, I'll want a little loan from you, too. A personal loan, Charlie. Thirteen hundred and two bucks."

"But you'll be in the States," he protested. "That is six thousand miles away. Maybe you will forget to pay me when you are so far away."

"I have collateral, Charlie," I said. "You don't have a thing to worry about."

"What kind of collateral?"

That big blonde that I left with four nights ago, I said. "A hundred and thirty one pounds of her at ten dollars a pound. Anything wrong with that deal?"

"But she is a human being," he shouted shrilly. "From my viewpoint it is fine, but what will the spy?"

"It's all right with her," I told him and grabbed him by the shirt, holding my fist to his face to say: "Just be sure you treat her good. That's the main part of the deal. Otherwise no dice—skip it."

She was crying, lying in bed with her head under the sheets when we got back to the apartment. I gave her a fifth of rye I'd taken from the Philippine-American bar and told her about, having to go back home to save the family business, and about the arrangement I had made with Charlie. He was standing behind me shuffling his feet and frowning at the walls.

"Now, don't you feel guilty or anything like that, honey." Vera said to him bending forward to look around me, the sheet falling away from her to reveal what I still recall as the most remarkable body I have ever seen. "I almost passed you instead of Mr. Peabody right at the beginning. So you can see it's all right."

That was the end of '46 and I left for the States the next day. It wasn't until years later that I heard from them. Charlie hadn't known my address, but he had sent a letter in care of our old outfit at the old APO number after a couple of months of being forwarded here, there and everywhere else, it finally reached me.

To hear him tell it, everything was great. He was great. The business was great. And Vera was greatest of all. Yes, they were still together and to judge from the enthusiasm of his letter, they would continue to be for a long, long time.

"She is more beautiful than ever," he wrote. "Each day I love her more than the one before. I wish I could send you a picture of her, but I don't seem to have any."

I could understand why. He probably hadn't put on as much as her shoes since the last time I saw her.



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GIVE A DAME A GUN

(Continued from page 19)

Four Gatling guns were brought ashore and dismantled into the jungle. The weapon was the forerunner of today's machine gun. It was a multiple barrel .58 caliber gun, mounted on a light carriage like a cannon and fired by turning a hand crank. It spit bullets just as fast as you could turn the crank.

The Gatling guns were too much even for the Dahomey. Even they had to retreat in terror from the hot dragon-breath of lead. One by one the outposts fell. The King was forced back to his royal village. There he determined to make a last stand or die in the attempt.

The survivors of the King were assembled. This time there was to be no retreat. The sacred poison of the King must not fail. Men and women warriors lined up in front of the ivory palisades. As the Legion advanced across the open fields of sweet-potatoes surrounding the village, the Dahomey made one last great charge.

It was a scene of carnage out of a madman's nightmare! The Gatling guns opened up and hosed back and forth across the charging lines of Dahomey. The Foreign Legionnaires dropped to their knees and fired a withering rifle volley into them. Nothing human could advance through that torrent of hot lead. But the Dahomey tried! Screaming women ran forward until their legs were shot out from under them, then advanced across the bloody earth on their elbows until French bullets spattered the brains out of the backs of their heads and brought a merciful end to their suicidal bravery. One of the women, marked as an officer by the leopard tail she wore, leapt on toward the French lines as round after round was pumped into her shapely body. She fell a few yards from one of the Gatlings, her cheap brass musket in her hand. Later they counted the bullets in her. She'd absorbed 33 rounds of .58 ammunition before she dropped!

The suicidal charge of his warriors gave the erstwhile King a chance to bust it out the back door. Odd that he hadn't included himself in the order to fight to the last man.

Later, a humbled and wiser King M'Bopa sent a minister to sue for peace. The French quickly patched up a peace treaty. They'd had about all the fighting they wanted.

Today the former Kingdom of Dahomey is part of French Equatorial Africa. The warrior-women still form part of the royal guard of the puppet chief of Dahomey. Nowadays they stage rather dull tribal dances for the French tourists. The missionaries have talked them into wearing clothes and some well-meaning soul has taken their guns away. The Dahomey women have degenerated into a sort of tribal Beverly, known locally as the Digga-Digga-Don't. The French Foreign Legion is perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. They don't like to speculate on what the original Dahomey Amazons could do if they swiped a couple of tommy-guns!

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(Continued from page 35)

snake. And Daniel Gaunt's voice:

"I told you, pal! I saw 'em! Now do you believe me?"

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," Abel Gaunt thundered from a great distance.

"I'm gonna kill the bastard," the man growled.

"No!" Gaunt roared out his words drunkenly. Scarlett tried to move. The words became more distant. "The woman is the devil's tool. The man can be punished later. But she would not look on me, oh no!" His laugh was a cackle. "Pugh! I spit on her body. Devil's spawn. Take her hair, Daniel. Drag her to the fire. The demons must be driven out . . ."

A great scooping whirlpool of darkness caught Scarlett, and Molly Rockwood's scream sang like a flying note down to the bottom of it. The last thing Scarlett heard was the vicious smack of a whip on flesh.

He was unconscious only ten minutes, but when he awoke there was a raw agony at the back of his head. He staggered up the creek sloped and it seemed as if he hadn't been unconscious at all. Molly was still screaming, Abel Gaunt was shouting and the whip smacked with terrible regularity.

A low wolfish growl came out of Scarlett's mouth. His body ached but he ran forward, wearing only his trousers, and staggered through the space between wagons. What he saw near the fire sickened him for a moment and then turned him blind with naked hate.

Molly Rockwood lay sprawled on the ground, whimpering, her head buried in the crook of her arm. Her white skin was smeared with dirt and blood and long gaping wounds spilled redness out of her back and thighs and neck. She lay in her own gore and somehow Scarlett knew she was dying.

Abel Gaunt stood with the whip at his feet, his eyes burning insanely. Daniel, close to Scarlett, turned in a crouch, saw Scarlett was unarmed and laughed. Blurred faces of frightened men and women peered out of the wagons. Scarlett stood for a moment, panting, his hair matted with blood and a wild look in his eyes.

"Now, by God . . ." Daniel Gaunt said softly, and snaked a .44 off his hip.

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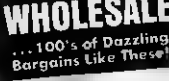
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Scarlett laughed in his face and ran forward. He threw himself to the side as the .44 hammered and cut a furrow in the dirt. Daniel Gaunt went back a step and Scarlett caught his gun barrel. Viciously Gaunt kicked at Scarlett's groin and sent him reeling toward the fire. He fell on his knees in the coals next to the still-boiling cooking pot. Agony seared his legs. Gaunt swung the .44 around and aimed it at Scarlett's head.

With the hate pouring out of him Scarlett reached out and put his hands on the burning metal of the cooking pot. He lifted it and heaved himself forward as Gaunt fired again. The bullet missed Scarlett as he threw the boiling liquid over Gaunt's head.

Daniel Gaunt dropped his gun, pressed his hands to his face and screamed a high ripping scream of hellish agony. He staggered back. Scarlett snatched up the .44 and fired twice, blowing gaping holes in the man's belly. Daniel Gaunt twitched on the ground and lay with his hands beating the earth in a death tattoo.

Scarlett staggered toward Molly Rockwood's body and knelt over it. He could hear Abel Gaunt's harsh breathing in back of him as he dabbed at the bloody ruin of the girl's neck. She with her hair twisted awkwardly under her. Almost all of the skin had been flayed off her back.

"Molly," Scarlett choked it.

"Touch not the flesh of the polluted . . ." Abel Gaunt roared.

"Molly!"

Her eyes filmed open and she saw him. She tried to speak. She formed the first syllables of a word. "That . . ." Then her hand clawed in the dust and she moaned. Her eyes closed. An ugly noise rasped in her throat.

The coil of the whip caught Scarlett around his neck, searing him, pulling him to his feet. Abel Gaunt, hatless and coatless, ripped the thong loose and Scarlett's throat burned. Gaunt curled the whip on the ground for another strike. Sweat masked his face. His eyes glared in their sockets.

"I'll give you a taste of your own whip, Gaunt," Scarlett said.

He took a step forward. The blacksnake cracked in the air, coiling around Scarlett's chest and ripping free, leaving a furrow of blood. Scarlett fought the red haze before his eyes. He kept walking. Again Gaunt lashed out with the whip.

And this time Scarlett was ready. He caught the flying tip in his hands, feeling it tear the flesh away, but he held on and pulled with all the power in his arms. The butt snaked through the air and Scarlett caught it.

Gaunt raised his arms and screamed at the wide sky. "Protect thy avenging angel, O Lord! Look



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down in mercy and . . ."

Scarlett threw his arm back, brought it forward and laughed like a blood-thirsty animal as Abel Gaunt shrieked again, his right ear hanging by a strip of flesh from his head.

Step by step Scarlett drove him back, the whip tearing the shirt from Gaunt's back, ripping his clothes to shreds, turning his body to a welter of blood. All Scarlett could see was the girl's body, tortured. In the shadows between the wagons Scarlett whipped Abel Gaunt to death and then stood back. The lash had torn Gaunt's clothing completely away and Scarlett looked down and his stomach turned over. He threw down the blacksnake and walked out toward the fire.

A man came forward hesitantly from one of the wagons.

"You . . . you didn't have to kill him . . ."

"Did you see what he did to the girl?" Scarlett said.

"Sure, but . . ."

"I'm riding out. Do you figure to stop me?"

"No, no, I ain't going to try it."

"Anybody else?" Scarlett shouted. Faces looked at him from the shadows among the wagons but no one moved. Scarlett shouted, "What kind of people are you? Why did you let him do it? I hope the Shoshones get the whole yellow pack of you! And you call them infidels . . ."

He stopped, clamped his mouth tight, wiped blood from his forehead with a bloody forearm and walked toward the darkness. Ten minutes later he was in the saddle, riding across the empty basin floor. He'd have to take his chances with the Shoshones, but the darkness and the death lying there were not as terrible as what he would have felt if he had stayed with the wagons. They had all stood by, too frightened, too yellow . . .

As he climbed the mesa slope again, he saw how it had been with Gaunt. Gaunt had been in the War Between the States. Maybe his mind had gone then. Scarlett didn't know. But the girl . . . God, the thought of what Gaunt had done made the red rage come again . . . she had said Gaunt looked as though he wanted her. Maybe that's why Abel Gaunt had taken to the whip and let his mind twist him into thinking of himself as an avenging angel.

At the rim of the mesa Scarlett turned for a minute and sat looking down at the distant glow of the fire far below him. He had understood the sour and rotting gall in Abel Gaunt's mind. Understood it when he looked down at the man's body in the darkness between the wagons, stripped of its clothing. Maybe it had happened in the war.

But Abel Gaunt couldn't have had a woman no matter how much he'd wanted her.

With a curse, Scarlett turned his bay's head and rode West. ■



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute, authority on adult education

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SEX-HUNGRY WOMEN

(Continued from page 21)

You don't have to have a yacht to get one. All you need is pants.

JUST ABOUT THE time that Joe Chester, for example, got settled in his room at a prominent waterfront motel, there came a gentle tapping on Chester's door.

"Yes?"

"It's just me," smiled a doe-eyed, well-proportioned head. "Seems I can't find my own room!"

"How about mine?" Chester grinned, but never believing that she'd take him up on it. She did. A very complex dame approached, sniffed Chester's supply of Scotch and smiled. Pouring herself a drink, the redhead stretched out beside him and proffered her ruby red lips. Then she made violent love to him while getting drunker and drunker by the minute. Apparently, Joe could take only so much love. He cut short his vacation by the seaside and hid himself in the mountains, far away from the sea.

"Seems she was all mine between the hours of eight and three," Joe complained. "The rest of the time she gave to her husband, a charter boat captain, and anybody else who would keep her in liquor! She drank like a fish and would go to bed with any guy in the house, once properly liquored. Maybe she needs a head shrinker?"

Maybe, indeed!

"I got out of there when I couldn't take her any more. I was lucky—just think how you'd feel if you were her husband!"

Waterfront bums are a common enough sight along the waterfront. They're characters, usually, and behave like characters. They aren't restricted to the east coast necessarily—you find them everywhere. In California's San Diego I talked with a guy who had gotten over the effects of knowing a waitress who worked in a waterfront saloon. It was attached to a marina and *everything* was free but the drinks.

Lulu Pratt was a girl who should've known better than get a rap, but boys will be boys and the word does get around! Lulu was twenty-seven and with a capacity (and rep) second to none. She was a tall, well-built blonde, hung together like a



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With a couple of dozen appliances in every man's castle, there just aren't enough well-trained repairmen to take care of the demand. These days, with everyone from Uncle Sam to cousin Julius putting the touch on you for financial help, people aren't about to throw out a bum washing machine or even a twenty-dollar toaster if it can be fixed for a few bucks. Yet, today's complicated appliances call for special know-how the average Joe can't acquire without training.

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fire house and when she laid eyes on Sam Flake something stirred her libido to hellish lengths. Sam reacted like a man with the month off. Away from home by some 2000 miles.

"Anything special you want?" She smiled, making with the eyes and leaning over the table so that he could get a *good* look at her bare breasts.

"Nothing special. Just a ham sandwich and when do you get out of this dump," Sam smiled.

"Three o'clock—why?"

"Why do you think?" The visitor to Diego was obviously new. Else he would've known about her reputation. He was a handsome six-footer, twenty-eight, and waterfront was written all over him. "I'd like to take you somewhere. I'm here delivering a boat. . ."

FISKE KNEW ENOUGH about girls to take advantage of an opportunity when given one, but the answer to his question threw him. La Pratt answered his question with a question:

"Do you have a room and something to drink?"

He nodded. The girl walked away to bring his ham sandwich quickly. She wore extra high heels, but nothing under the dress. He made a mental note to get a bottle of booch as soon as the snack was over. Two long hours later, there was a knock on Sam's door. In walked the girl. She slugged Sam's bourbon from the bottle wordlessly, then turned to him and smiled.

"Well, handsome, what are we waiting for—let's get down to business."

Flake didn't wait any longer. He enjoyed a nice free hotel room, not bromos and free love just as long as he stayed in this sea town.

"She made love between meals," he snickered. "She made love on Sundays, weekday nights and holidays. She was a character, but that kind of treatment I can stand."

"An animal?"

"She sure was, brother!"

He rolled his eyes in a gesture of the superlative.

"She was the kind of an animal," he whispered, "that all men should have on a vacation. Never once mentioned money. Just love. . ."

The waterfront bums (and not all the women you meet in a seacoast town are trampa) include still another variety of character: the bored wife. Take the case of Harold Purdey who had a moderate billfold and a soldier's love. Purdey, an average looking guy, found life in the raw at an Oregon marina. He was twenty-four. She was forty, but good-looking, chic and full of life. The emergent took his furlough at a popular sea resort, never knowing that Pami Peters was looking the field

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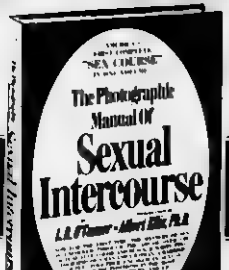
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over with an eye to eligible young men. She found Purdey gazing at the sea one night. There was a big old moon shining. He was half-loaded. She knew it. He felt an arm link his and first thing he knew, a pair of hands were feeling his muscles. The next thing he felt was someone's lips smack against his. He returned the compliment, and without further ado, took the blonde to his room.

Hours later, the naked blonde told him the truth. She was bored to hell with her pinochle playing husband.

She never told him a thing except that she thought Purdey was a great lover, and would he be her steady lover in the hotel?

"I didn't want to run afoul of somebody's shotgun. When she told me about her husband down in the lobby, I played it cool. But the minute she went to her own room for the night, I sailed out of that hotel as fast as I could. There are easier gals to meet than one with built-in troubles. . ."

Bored wives are a common sight in most resorts, but very few will play a in Purdey's woman. There was one famous case of a notorious Jezebel at a New York marina who took on every professional boat-captain while her spouse sopped up the liquor downstairs! Another who made a federal case of her "headaches," took on lovers while adjourning to her room to get aspirin! Another, whose spouse was an ardent fisherman, only made love during fishing hours. The kind of woman who makes a glutton of herself, and a hypocrite to boot, entertained a couple of friends of mine on vacation, five nights a week. The other two she spent with daddy when he drove to the seashore for the weekend.

Up at Provincetown, where the stray pickup wants a waterfront "atmosphere" with her pizza, a strange phenomenon happened to Lloyd O'Kane. O'Kane, unable to get a room at a well-known resort hotel there, found himself in a boarding house full of women. The thing that got his was their frankness about making love. They openly discussed sleeping with him at the dinner table, talking about who would get the new guest first:

"I went up to my room hoping that a full view of the sea would cool me off. I was really sweating," O'Kane exclaimed. "But the first thing I knew there were eight of 'em piling into the room and peeling off their clothes!"

"Did you get out of there?"

"Get out of there!" O'Kane repeated. "My God, man, they wouldn't let me! They actually held a sit-down strike in the nude while inventing games to play. Well, you can twist my arm just so much and no more. I gave in. . ."

ONE OF THE GAMES in this man—hungry, man shortage town was "climb the sand dunes." The game is played on the back of every red-blooded guy around. But only after stripping him forcefully and faithfully promising to let up when he yells uncle. They practically taped his mouth. He didn't get out of that room until *all night* had turns. Next night, it was the same game only they called it "climbing the crow's nest. . ."

O'Kane was it.

"I got out of there in the wee hours of the morning," he sighed. "Pounds lighter and without a sunburn to show for my experience!"

He got out through a window.

"I kept wondering why, at the height of the season, my room should cost only five bucks. Well, brother, I found out—"

The waterfront seems to hold a fatal fascination for all women, but the burns gravitate to seacoast towns where the livin' is easy and the less said about morals the better. Yacht clubs, marinas, town docks, waterfront motels, seaside eating spots—they all get their share of the tramp in season.

But there's an insidious type who will get under your skin (because you won't recognize the real thing when you see it) and maybe get you to fall in love with her—unless you wise up and see that all she wants is a meal ticket. This happened to Bill Long a nice looking former paratrooper from the coast of New Jersey. Bill had a habit of getting driftwood along the surf and selling it for lamps to an antique shop.

Seems among the gals who worked in the shop was Mary Karl, a snappy looking woman in her thirties. Blonde, built like an hourglass, full of fun, she allowed Bill to date her. After a while, they were going steady. Long really had it bad until one night a telegram arrived for him. His mother was ill, it stated, and would he please come home? His girl was full of sympathy as long as his back wasn't turned. When it was she fooled around with every guy in town.

Long unexpectedly returned and caught her. End of romance.

But not all waterfront bums are as easily found out. A friend of this reporter's actually married one. Unbeknownst to him, he was dating a gal the whole town ran around with. He knew her as a poor, hard-working gasoline pusher in a waterside filling station. The wench happened to be accomodating to *everybody*, only the asp married her!

You can always spot a waterfront bum. They look, act and conduct themselves in an entirely different

manner from ordinary women. That is, unless you meet one in a gift shop or one that dispenses gas on a dock. Then, brother, you're lucky to get away with your life, much less a whole skin!

The waterfront bum that always gets this reporter is the vacationing school teacher type out to have a good time. The time she has is her own business, but try to date her after the season and invariably you'll get a cold shoulder. In season, she'll practically attack you! And make you take her to bed.

WENT TO BED WITH A LEZ

(Continued from page 37)

think my body wants those same sensations; that I don't need the very same sort of relief?"

"How could you?" I blurted out. "A woman can't do what a man can. Whatever it is that you get isn't anything like my kind of sex. It's . . . It's . . . well it's unnatural. It can't be nearly as wonderful as all the things I know."

"Oh I wish I could explain it to you," she sighed.

"Well, why can't you. I told you what I felt. Why can't you do the same thing."

"Because," she said, "words just aren't good enough. There just isn't anything in your experience that you can compare it with. If I could only show you . . . but . . ."

"All right, show me then," I told her.

"Don't be silly," she said.

"It's not silly. Go ahead and show me. See. Here I am," I leaned back against the couch. "Do anything you want. I won't stop you. In fact I want you to. Or are you afraid to put your theories to a test? I dare you to."

She looked at me almost pityingly. "Oh Karen, you're being foolish. You know you are. You can't change to my way of life just because of a tantrum. It isn't right."

My eyes began to tear again. I put my head down on the arm of the couch. "Oh Lorraine. Please. I mean it. I've got to have something. And whatever you do it's bound to be better than nothing at all. I don't mind. Honestly Lorraine. I'd like you to do something to me. Anything you want. And I'll do anything back that you want. Please Lorraine. Please."

"You poor silly kid! You are real

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desperate, aren't you. I know I shouldn't. But . . . well . . . you really need the other kind, a good butch, but all right . . . I'll try. I'll do my best for you, but you've got to help me; you've got to cooperate. You're sure now, absolutely sure. Don't just tease me hot and then run away."

"I'm sure, Lorraine. And I won't chicken out. No matter what you want me to do, I'll go through with it. I promise. On my honor. You just tell me how I'm supposed to act. And I'll try . . . all the way till we're both done."

She came over and sat beside me, and slipped her arm around my shoulder. There was a moment of silence and then she sighed. Her fingers fumbled with the buttons of my blouse and then slipped down inside. "Relax," she cooed. "Just relax. I know how you feel. Oh I know exactly what you feel. Just put your head on my shoulder for a moment or so. Then everything will be all right."

Her other hand was slipping up my leg. I felt a moment of panic, but I forced it away. And then suddenly I was coming alive with excitement. I let out the slightest gasp, and then pressed closer to Lorraine. Almost instinctively my hand went to her breast. I don't know why. I could tell the way her body pushed against me, that I had done the right thing.

We sat that way for a minute or two. Then suddenly Lorraine broke away from me. It was like a bucket of cold water. "Don't stop," I almost shrieked. "For God's sake don't stop now."

She laughed. "You silly child. Of course we're not stopping. I couldn't stop now if I wanted to." Her face was flushed and her breath was coming more rapidly. "But we can't go on like this." She grabbed at her clothing excitedly. "Come on. Hurry. Let's get these silly things off."

Even on my wedding night I never undressed more quickly.

And then we were rushing into each other's arms with a glad cry of anticipation. Her lips found mine. This was no girl's kiss, either, but pure passion, violent, explosive, consuming. Her hands were moving over my body and soon her lips followed them. I fell back on the couch, Lorraine right with me. I shut my eyes and surrendered myself to total sensation. It was soft but overpowering, gentle, yet demanding, refusing to stop until it was complete.

IT WAS MY turn now as Lorraine, her body almost writhing with need, lay back awaiting my administrations. I wasn't quite sure what I ought to do, but instinctively I began repeating some of the actions she had just demonstrated so beautifully to me. As I kissed her, I was momentarily shocked at the difference. There was no hard, muscular, masculine aroma; only the soft, sweet, pliable flesh. I let myself linger, as tenderly as I could, knowing how I would enjoy the attentions it aroused.

It was certainly different, but not unpleasant. In fact, it made me feel wonderful to know that I was capable of giving her such pleasure. It might have been my own body I was caressing for I seemed to come alive with every gasp she gave, to thrill to every movement of enjoyment she demonstrated. How long it went on I don't know but I was actually sorry when it was all over.

And when she whispered, "Karen, Karen, you're wonderful, I wouldn't have believed how sweet you could be," I was so pleased I could have thrilled.

It was only later, much later that I began to wonder. The experience had been so wonderful, so satisfying, so absolutely terrific that it seemed practically impossible that it could have been wrong and unnatural. I had done it, but I didn't feel peculiar; I didn't feel perverted. In my arms, I was exactly the same girl I had been before. Yet things were different and I knew it.

It was the future that worried me. I loved my husband very much. How could I face him after all this. And Lorraine, with her type of love. I didn't want to give that up either. What was I going to do. The thoughts wouldn't go out of my head. I spent a long and almost sleepless night as conflicting ideas and emotions churned about inside my mind.

The next day I called Lorraine and made an appointment to meet her. We decided to get together in her apartment. I had decided to explain all my problems to her and see what she could figure out. I was well aware that lesbians naturally tend to "recruit" new members to their sorority whenever possible and was prepared to discount that in her discussion. But I did want to hear what she had to say.

Strangely, it wasn't at all what I expected. She didn't take my conversation as a matter of course, nor did she suggest, as I had anticipated, that I immediately leave my home and husband to move in with her kind of woman.

"You've got to find out how you really feel, first. It isn't fair to judge from yesterday. Because I have the feeling you're like me, a femme, and I'm just not the right type to give you all you deserve. If I weren't your cousin and so close to you, I might try to take advantage of you, but I like you too much for that. Besides," and she whispered the last, "I'm in love. I've got my own butch and I wouldn't hurt her for anything in the world."



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In the end, we worked out a plan by which I could try things for a few days without getting myself too involved. It had some element of danger, since I discovered that women can be terribly possessive and even as attachment ill made they will fight with every weapon, open and underhanded, to keep their girls. But Lorraine would introduce me as a friend from out of town who was looking for someone to keep her happy during a short visit to the city. At the end, I'd just leave town and then, quietly, return home again as myself.

The arrangements were made that day, and the same evening I moved in with my new "lover" for my big experiment. Once again I was surprised: I'd pictured the man type girl to be the hard, short-haired, stocky and square cut caricature one reads about in books or sees pictured in the movies. My new partner was anything but that kind. In fact, on looking at her, neither I, nor anyone else could possibly picture her in her chosen life role. I'm not saying that she wore ribbons in her hair and frilly dresses, but she was definitely all woman and looked it. Her dresses were stylish and womanly; her hairdo was identical with millions you see in the street; and her figure, full and curved wasn't hidden or masked in any way.

She laughed when I told her how different she was to what I'd imagined. "I don't know how they behave in your home town," she said, "but here it's different. One has to make a living and that's difficult if people don't think you're just what you appear to be. Besides, I'm proud to be a woman. I wouldn't be anything else. I hate men and everything about them."

But talk and behaviour are two different things. As the days went on, I discovered that only too plainly and directly. A woman's love can be tender and delicious, but for certain satisfactions a female must take on certain male attributes to compete. And artificiality, no matter how clever, how approximate and how assumed, cannot compete with the real thing. She tried so very much. I just couldn't tell her how inferior her performance was. And yet I must admit that (I wasn't bad. I'd certainly rather be with an experienced woman than a bumbling, fumbling man. But compared to my husband this was only a second-rate result.

For what it was, I must say honestly that she was better than any man. By knowing exactly how I felt, how I reacted; by understanding my needs and desires; having lived through my sensations, she was able in all ways but one to raise me to peaks of ecstacy that I could never have imagined. And I must say too, that all my needs and frustrations vanished completely.

STILL, AT THE end of three days I knew what my decision was going to be. For much as I enjoyed myself; happy as I had been, I wanted and desired a man's love far more than the best that a woman could give me.

I explained it all to Lorriane, on the afternoon on which I was to "leave town" and go home again.

She shook her head in wonderment. I don't honestly believe that she had ever remotely imagined that I could ever have gone back to my man. Nor do I think that she truly understood my reasons.

"If you'd ever had a man, a real man," I told her, "you'd know what I was talking about. But you just can't begin to imagine it, can you?"

"No I can't," she replied. "And really, I don't want to. But you have been fair. I give you full credit for that. You're still my favorite cousin. And if that's what you want, more power to you. I hope that you're as happy as you deserve to be."

So I went home. And when my husband returned to me, I knew in a matter of minutes that I'd made absolutely the right decision. More than anything else, he's what I want in life. And during our times together, when we're locked in an embrace of real sex, I'm even more convinced. As a lover, he's my ultimate ideal.

My husband still takes his business trips. And when he does, that feeling of emptiness, loneliness and need comes over me again. But when it does, I take the healthy, not the perverted way out. There's nothing like a busy day's work cleaning the house from attic to basement, or busying myself in the kitchen to take my mind off my problems.

I took one big gamble with my life and that's more than enough. I was lucky to be able to get out of what might easily have become a complex and difficult situation. I might not be that lucky a second time.

Lorraine, as she was in the past, is a good friend and confidante today. She's still my cousin and blood is thicker than water. However, unfortunately she is far too set in her ways to ever really change and both of us recognize that. But now when she comes to visit me, I never question her; in fact we never even approach any mention of sex in any way.

I tried the off beat ways of love and they didn't work. I'm happy I had the experience, if only because it proved to me how thoroughly I need a man and a man's kind of true and total love. A husband is the only solution that works, honestly and for all time.

After my few days of trying the other, I can honestly and thankfully say, "Never Again!" ■

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THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE LETTERS IN OUR FILES FROM MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE FOUND SUCCESS AS DURACLEAN DEALERS. (IN ANOTHER YEAR YOUR STATEMENT COULD BE HERE, TOO)

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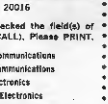
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